

The Evening World

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"BOYS WANTED."

ELEVEN columns of Help Wanted advertisements in last Sunday's World were under the specification: Boys.

Granted the opening of the schools may have caused some falling off in the supply, still the big demand for this article is a clear indication of the way business is feeling hereabouts.

Boys, everybody knows, are hired to run errands, carry messages, deliver parcels, clear out corners, tend doors and do a thousand and one other small jobs that do not require a man. But do odd jobs multiply when bigger wheels turn faster? Does the waiter's basket have to be emptied oftener unless letters are being sorted and orders filed? Is another boy needed on the door unless it is opening pretty constantly to admit customers or clients? Does a department store ask for more hands in the shipping room unless its aisles are full of shoppers?

Decidedly not. The loud call for Boy Help is another cheerful sign that prosperity has arrived in New York for an indefinite stay.

Nor can we believe that adult labor will be so assiduous to kick it out.

Less than 10 per cent. of the city's 800,000 public school children were kept at home by parents who refuse to believe that the infantile paralysis scare is over. Which speaks pretty well for the level-headedness of most New York fathers and mothers.

THE ONLY WAY.

AUTOMOBILES killed 1,000 persons and injured 8,000 others in the principal cities of the United States during the first eight months of the current year.

New York City heads the list with 226 killed.

Traffic laws and special traffic courts utterly fail so far to check the alarming increase in the number of deaths caused by motor vehicles.

When is the State of New York to take its proper place as leader in a serious movement to get the deadly auto under control?

There is just one way to do it. Stop treating the driving of motor vehicles as if it were a sport. Make it a responsibility.

Convince the next Legislature, as soon as it is in session, that the people of this State demand that no person shall handle a steering wheel unless he or she is fit to do so. Compel every motor car operator, rich or poor, owner as well as chauffeur, to take out a license. And if he abuses it, if he proves himself a reckless driver, if he is found driving while intoxicated, if he is shown to be too nervous or otherwise unfit, take the license away from him.

Neither in crowded city streets nor on frequented country highways is driving an automobile any longer a pastime. It is a serious business affecting the safety of many lives. It is the duty of Legislatures to keep it out of incompetent or reckless hands. In this direction prevention will do more than punishment.

What New York wants from its next Legislature is a uniform license law for motorists—not for up-State or down-State, but for the whole State. That must be the start of any compelling move to check the slaughter.

Six cents a loaf next week—or bake at home. The bakers know New York womenfolk.

DO THEY PAY?

THE latest Zeppelin bomb raid on British soil, even though it killed or injured 140 persons and scored another aerial attack on London, seems to have caused no great rejoicing in Berlin.

Two of the biggest of the German dirigibles were brought down by British guns, representing unquestionably a loss quite out of proportion to the damage done. Zeppelins, after all, are not plentiful, cheap or easily replaced. Aircraft that cost anywhere from half a million to a million dollars cannot be used as recklessly as aeroplanes.

All things considered, we should not be surprised to see a gradual subsidence of Zeppelin raiding. In the first place the British gunners have learned how to hit the invading monsters. In the second place the destruction to their credit has so far counted for nothing in advancing Germany's fortunes. And, most important of all in view of the purpose to which they were dedicated, they have completely and utterly failed to strike terror to British hearts.

Submarine terrorism didn't pay. How soon will the Imperial Government begin to doubt the value of blowing up a few non-combatants on land at the cost of expensive airships that are less and less likely to come back?

It's a heartless fact that even if the milk wagon drivers' strike becomes general a lot of people in this town will turn over and sleep the sounder.

Letters From the People

100 Per Cent.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

If I buy an article for 50 cents and sell it for \$1, what per cent. is profit? A STEADY READER.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

For be it from me to question the authenticity of any of your answers, but you are badly off your numbers in the above statement.

Profit, my dear sir, is the difference between the cost and the selling price of any article and, in this instance, the selling price, \$1, represented 100 per cent. of the transaction and the cost price represented 50 per cent. The profit must be the difference between the 50 per cent. cost and the 100 per cent. selling price, or 50 per cent.

I might say, in passing, that it is a mathematically impossible proposition to make 100 per cent. profit in any transaction where goods of any kind are bought and sold, as the cost must be deducted from the 100 per cent. selling price, and that means the 100 per cent. is not there.

H. R. D.

New York, London, Paris.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What are the three largest cities in the world? F. D.

Must Have Parents' Consent Under 18; War or Navy Secretary Would Decide.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

If a young man under the age of twenty-one years enlists in the United States navy or army can his parents, who are citizens of a foreign country, secure the release of their son? T. W.

Any Library Written by James Whitcomb Riley.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

About six weeks ago you printed a poem entitled "An Old Sweetheart of Mine" in the magazine section of The Sunday World. Where can I obtain a copy of it? M. O. K.

Edward D. White; Robert Lansing; Newton D. Baker.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Who is Chief Justice of the United States? Who is Secretary of State, and Secretary of War? READER.

The Roof Over His Head

By J. H. Cassel



The Office Force

By Bide Dudley.

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"SEE by the papers," said Popple, the shipping clerk, "that the lives of a dozen people were saved at a fire in New York because when they jumped out of the windows they landed on a mattress."

"Pretty soft!" said Bobbie, the office boy.

"That remark was crude and entirely out of place," said Miss Prim, private secretary to the boss. "But then, Bobbie's alleged jokes are always dip."

"And they always flop, as they say in vaudeville," said Popple. "They're atrocious jokes, eh?" came from Miss Tulle, the blond stenographer.

"In what way?" demanded Miss Prim.

"They do a flip flop."

"It seems we have two idiots in this office," said Miss Prim.

"You and who else?" asked the blonde.

"That's an insult," snapped the private secretary. "Mr. Snooks shall hear of this."

"Oh, now!" said Spooner, the bookkeeper. "We mustn't get personal. Why not be like the bee? Although he will walk right over your head and never hurt you."

"That's right," said Bobbie, "but oh, baby—if he stings down."

"And I've heard that inane witticism before," Bobbie snapped Miss Prim. "Why don't you try to be original?"

"Now, let's be pleasant!" said Spooner. "Speaking of the bee, he is usually one of a tribe. He has many sisters and—"

"But only one little buzzer," Bobbie put in.

"See there, Mr. Spooner!" said Miss Prim. "You can't do anything with that boy. He's impossible. Miss Tulle is the same way. When Mr. Snooks comes in I shall tell him of the insult she offered me."

"Here he comes now!" said Bobbie. "Let's see how well you do it."

The boss entered smiling. "Hello, folks!" he said. "Is everything all right?"

"Ahem!" came from Miss Prim. "Not exactly! I want to tell you something, Mr. Snooks. A moment ago Bobbie and Miss Tulle made silly remarks and I said it seemed we had two idiots in this office. Then Miss Tulle had the audacity to ask: 'You and who else?'"

"She did, eh?" replied the boss. "And did you answer her?"

"Not exactly!"

"Well, I have an idea," said the boss. "That she meant the other one was Bobbie!" Here the boss smiled. "You're a wild one, you know, kid," he said to the boy.

The boss disappeared in his private office and Miss Prim turned very red in the face.

"I'm very much embarrassed," she said.

"Oh, don't worry about me!" said Bobbie, with a twinkle in his eye. "I don't mind what he said."

Miss Prim bounced out of the room.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"UNCLE HENRY," said Mr. Jarr, "you should be ashamed of yourself to quarrel with your own nearest kin, next door. It embarrasses me not to find you friends."

Mrs. Jarr and I would like to see you all dwelling together in peace and harmony."

This conversation took place on Uncle Henry's porch in the delightful village of Hay's Corners, where the Jarrs were visiting on the occasion of Mr. Jarr's belated vacation. Mr. Jarr and Uncle Henry were alone.

Uncle Henry went into a long defense of his patience under many wrongs he had endured at the hands of his relatives next door.

"But that spite-fence," said Mr. Jarr. "It looks mean and ugly and it is mean and ugly. I want you to chop it down."

"I won't do it! I won't chop it down for a thousand dollars!" declared Uncle Henry heatedly. "It's worth a thousand dollars not to see some folks' ugly faces."

"I'll give you five dollars if you'll chop it down," said Mr. Jarr, the peace envoy.

"Will you?" asked Uncle Henry, eagerly. "Wait till I get the axe."

At the first sound of the crashing axe on the stout timbers of the spite-fence the relatives next door sallied out. Mrs. Jarr had paid a placative visit with the children and came out with the relatives on that side. While Uncle Henry chopped vigorously away Mr. Jarr walked out to the village street by the front yard gate and entered the next yard.

"I got Uncle Henry to chop it down," Mr. Jarr explained. "We are going to have a family reconciliation and reunion." But he said no word regarding the price of peace, the five dollars he had paid Uncle Henry to demolish the spite-fence.

"It's time the old scoundrel chopped down that eye-sore," said Cousin George, the head of the other belligerent household. "I was going to sue him and make him take it down; that's why he's doing it."

"Now, do be nice, Cousin George," advised Mrs. Jarr. "If Uncle Henry wants to make up, don't you be nasty."

"He's got to apologize and pay me for the hog he scalded!" growled Cousin George.

Uncle Henry, pausing in the destruction of the fence, heard these words.

"I won't pay for nothing!" he snarled.

"I'll pay for the hog. How much is it?" said Mr. Jarr.

Cousin George scratched his head and tried to figure out what was the cash damage for a scalded hog, when the scalding had no fatal, or even dangerous, results.

"The hog was worth five dollars," finally grumbled Cousin George.

Mr. Jarr fished out his vacation spending money and handed over five dollars.

All this was beheld by Uncle Henry through the gap he had knocked in the spite-fence.

"Don't give him no money—the grasping critter!" bawled Uncle Henry, who hated to see his relative receive money that might come to his side of the fence and family.

"Take it away from him!" added Uncle Henry. "The hog wasn't hurt much," but Uncle Henry signified by a groan that the personality was injured a great deal.

"You'd stand being scalded yourself for half the money, wouldn't you?" cried Cousin George in taunting tone.

This remark, as the truth is always libellous, roused Uncle Henry's ire again, and hostilities would have been resumed if Mr. Jarr had not taken both rural war lords aside and promised further largess if a lasting peace were concluded.

This secret and most effective diplomacy had its effect. Uncle Henry and Cousin George shook hands, and their wives kissed each other and cried.

Mrs. Jarr, who had observed the passing of the five-dollar bill to Cousin George, was not so enthusiastic. Had she known that Uncle Henry had already received five dollars, it would have altogether spoiled Mrs. Jarr's visit. Aside from being a bad example to the Jarr children, Mrs. Jarr had viewed the quarrel with some interest. She had hoped that the quarrelling relatives might vie with each other in seeing who could present her with the most gifts in the way of ham, bacon, preserves and other home-made country products upon her departure.

Peace now seeming assured, Uncle Henry again tackled the fence. He struck one of the boards a mighty blow, and it flew loose, hitting Cousin George fair on the head and telling him. Cousin George arose with a yell and flew into Uncle Henry.

"Get the automobile and the children!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "I want to get back to the peace and quiet of life in a great city!"

The Fall Footwear

THE shops are displaying such a variety in footwear that the woman who doesn't know is hard put to it to select the correct shoe. There are many novelties in cut, style and color, and she wonders just what is fashionable. She doesn't know whether to select a lace or button shoe, but she does know she wants a pretty shoe, because even though fashion has decreed that skirts must be longer, the change is not particularly perceptible, and so shoes must still be pretty—an easily attainable article, as is evidenced by the present showings in the shops.

Whether the shoe shall be a button or lace model depends upon the skirt length. If you have adopted the new regulations and your skirt reaches to within from six to seven inches of the ground you should wear a dressy button shoe, and most of these have cloth tops. If you still adhere to summer modes and your skirt is seven and a half or eight inches above the ground—it should never be more—you may wear those high, dressy lace models. For walking purposes and for sport wear the lace shoe is preferred.

Subdued colors predominate in the fashionable fall shoe. For practical wear the darker tans are popular. The many shades are the demand of the hour, and for dressy wear the grays and castors are favored in uppers since they harmonize well with the modish dress and suit colors.

There is a variety in these tones, the darker shades being suitable for street wear, while the light tints are reserved for dressy occasions. In novelties the shoe are in black and salt and pepper cloth uppers, with gun metal vamps, and in the tans there are brown tops with tan Russian calf vamps. The black and white continue to be popular, and is shown in various combinations.

In heels favor is equally divided between the Cuban, Louis and half Louis, and it is a matter of individual taste which it shall be.

Many of the new shoes show simulated laces. Perforations are seen on the new lace shoes, and all high grade shoes have the invisible eyelets. The smart shoes have the side-button gaiter tops in cloth, glazed kid or buckskin. Uppers matching the costume are in favor. French ladies of fashion are wearing shoes with the upper of gray glazed kid over a black patent leather toe and buttoned at the side with white buttons.

In stockings the shoe are matched for general wear. For dressy occasions individual taste may decide whether the gown or shoes shall be matched. There is a strong trend toward stripes in stockings and many pretty effects are shown especially in black and white combinations. Clock effects are in great demand. White silk stockings show clocks in dainty blues and pinks. Insets are seen in many of the new stockings. An attractive combination is a black or white silk stocking with an inset over the instep of black and white check. Then there are exquisite open work effects in insets. A smart stocking in tan has a semi-transparent inset of white embroidered in small tan floral effects.

Why Women Age Earlier Than Men

By Helen Rowland

The Beauty Specialist Speaks.

Secret? A Fashionable Beauty Shop.

Oh, Mrs. Catching, how DO you do! It's been ages since you've been here, hasn't it?

Well, nearly ten days at least. You mustn't mind my not going that way.

Shampoo? Yes, you really DO need one.

Gracious! But your hair's getting over and thick since we've been doing it. Still, the shade— My dear! shade you mean my hair shades in hair? Positively, they're wonderful!

What?

Oh, no, it's not a "dye," it's a "dye." You really SHOULD have it "touched up," just a wee, wee bit!

What? Your husband wouldn't approve of it? Oh, well, if you tell your HUSBAND everything— (Business of washing her hands of you.) My DEAR! What ARE you doing with those eyebrows all over your face?

But they're positively not wearing them this season! Nothing but the nearest shadow of a line. They give the face such a "mummy" look, don't you think?

Certainly, we can! Marie! Mrs. Catching wants her eyebrows pulled out.

Oh, no, it won't hurt much. There! Isn't that wonderful? SUCH a difference!

Yes, I know the Lord gave them to you, but if you're going to keep everything NATURE gave you— (Business of washing her hands of you.) My DEAR! Did you know that your chin is beginning to sag—

What? You don't want me to "put the THOUGHT on you?" Oh, you're a New Thinker, then? Well, New Thought never had any effect on a double chin! Positively nothing but massage will take it off.

Certainly we can! Marie! Bring the vibrator.

Of course you don't want a double chin. They're positively not wearing them this season!

My DEAR! Have you tried our new liquid face-powder?

What? Well, you don't know what a real complexion IS! Marie! Bring me that bottle of the "Bloom of Heaven."

There! Isn't that wonderful? Your own husband wouldn't know you! And if I MUST say it, you looked like the Wrath of Heaven when you came in.

The check? Oh, yes, here it is. Just an even five.

But, my DEAR! We HAVE to charge more for eyebrows this year. Everything's higher—on account of the War, you know. Oh! You don't care for the liquid powder, then?

What? Your face doesn't match your ears?

But, my DEAR! They're positively not wearing them to match this season!

Oh! Your husband! Of course, if you tell HIM everything— But they're positively NOT doing it this season!

Well, goodbye, Dearie! Yes, you'd better make an appointment. How is Monday, at three? Very good! Come early and we'll "do you" all over again!

The Housekeeper Who Wants to Be Fooled

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

THE average housekeeper doesn't care if she is fooled.

What with the present upheaval of the short weight loaf of bread to say nothing of the constantly soaring cost of every kind of food, it is most astonishing to note how little attention the housekeeper pays to these conditions, and certainly does little or nothing to help herself.

These are the words of a prominent woman who is working daily to keep the prices of food from going up needlessly. Her point is well taken.

This woman speaks from long experience, and you have only to look about you to verify her contention. It certainly does appear as if the housekeeper doesn't care if she is being tricked or not.

Just think what the situation would be if every woman would demand that her loaf of bread be weighed in her presence to ascertain that she is getting the proper value for her money.

Yet how many women do it! They reason that a loaf of bread only costs but a few cents, and why bother with the rest?

And this disinterested "bothering" and seeing no use in such seemingly trifling things is the very element upon which those who would cheat depend.

They know that the average woman will telephone for everything; or if she takes the trouble to go to the store she is usually in a hurry and cares little as to weights, measures, etc.

If you would confront this woman with her shortcomings she would likely say: "Ah, but that is my business!"

Need! I am the loser; and it doesn't amount to much anyway."

Yet there is where she is fooled again. Her very indifference is the means of having things "put over" on her and high prices maintained. Besides, she does a grave injustice by her careless attitude—an injustice to very poor people whose every ounce of bread means something to them and to whom the present prices are impossible; who cannot afford meat once a month; whose little children suffer for the need of a fresh egg; who cannot buy sufficient good milk to nourish growing babies.

This propensity of the American housekeeper to readily overlook her daily dealings without taking the proper stand against them is very largely responsible for much of the sufferings for food on account of the high prices.

If every woman would look into these matters and demand her dues, regardless of what the dealer would soon realize that he too will have to go to the front and make his fight with the man who sells to him.

Thus she would make it easier for every woman. A united effort along these lines in connection with the common commodities on the part of every housekeeper would soon make producers "sit up and take notice."

We have much to learn from the thrifty housekeepers of European countries. The expense of the household in regard to food in nearly every European country is far less than that of American homes, and there is a reason for it.

The housekeeper takes the time and the trouble to buy properly. She knows the value of things and it is difficult to fool her.

Now to the merchant who gives her short weight or pads prices. She knows what she should get and insists on getting it.

If you are on the alert, Mrs. Housekeeper, you yourself can properly adjust the short weights and high prices.

Facts Not Worth Knowing

By Arthur Baer

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ALTHOUGH the Eskimo man for eating soup is different from the Siberian word it sounds the same in either language.

A new collar button is built on the same principle as a tandem bicycle and can be worn by two clients at the same time.

The Wukus Spoobs tribe of Indiana are absolutely uncivilized, and have neither walls, floors nor ceilings in their houses.

The ordinary telephone conversation is about four feet, eleven inches and a fraction in length.

A floober is a fish that runs in the water.

The bow and the stern of a yacht should always be on different ends of the boat. If the bow and stern are on the same end of a craft something is radically wrong with the architecture.

If it were not for the pipes steam would have a difficult time in finding its way around an apartment house. A janitor is supposed to have enough influence with steam to compel it to tour around the edifice, but very few janitors seem to speak the steam's language.